15473.49.25 ✱ D 40
W. 23 15461.90 ✱
Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
Lucius Wilmerding
of New York
3/31

by John Wilmot, 2d earl of Rochester

THE ENJOYMENT.

SInce now my *Silvia* is as kinde as fair,
Let wit and joy ſucceed my dull deſpair.
O what a night of pleaſure was the laſt!
A full reward for all my troubles paſt!
And on my head if future miſchief fall,
This happy night ſhall make amends for all.
Nay though my *Silvia's* Love ſhould turn to hate,
I'll think of this, and dye contented with my fate.
Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met,
And on her Bed were cloſe together ſet;
Though liſtning Spyes might be perhaps too near,
Love fill'd our hearts, there was no Room for fear.
Now whilſt I ſtrive her melting heart to move
With all the powerfull Eloquence of Love:
In her fair face I ſaw the Colour riſe,
And an unuſuall Softneſſe in her Eyes,
Gently they look, and I with Joy adore
That only Charm they never had before!
The wounds they made, her Tongue was us'd to heal,
But now theſe gentle Enemies reveal
A Secret, which that friend would ſtill conceal.
My Eyes tranſported too with Amorous rage,
Seem fierce with expectation to engage:
But faſt ſhe holds my hands, and cloſe her thighs,
And what ſhe longs to do, with frowns denies.
A ſtrange effect on fooliſh Women wrought,
Bred in diſguiſes, and by Cuſtome taught:
Cuſtome, which Wiſedome ſometimes over-rules,
But ſerves inſtead of reaſon to the fools:
Cuſtome, which all the world to Slavery brings;
The dull excuſe for doing ſilly things.

She by this Method of her fooliſh Sex,
Is forc'd a while me and herſelf to vex.
But now when thus we had been ſtrugling long,
Her Limbs grow weak, and her deſires grow ſtrong:
How can ſhe hold to let the *Hero* in;
He ſtorms without, and Love betrays within.
Her hands at laſt to hide her bluſhes, leave
The Fort unguarded, willing to receive
My fierce aſſault, made with a Lovers haſt;
Like Lightning piercing, and as quickly paſt.
Thus does fond Nature with her Children play,
Juſt ſhews us Joy, then ſnatches it away.
'Tis not th' exceſs of pleaſure makes it ſhort;
The pain of Love's as raging as the ſport:
And yet, alas, that laſts; we ſigh all night
With grief, but ſcarce one moment with delight.
Some little pain may check her kinde deſire,
But not enough to make her once retire;
Maids wounds for pleaſure bear as Men for praiſe,
Here Honour heals, there Love the ſmart allays:
The World if Juſt, would harmfull courage blame,
And this more innocent reward with fame.
Now ſhe her well contented thoughts employs,
On her paſt fears, and on her future Joys:
Whoſe Harbinger did roughly all remove,
To make fit room for great Luxurious Love,
Fond of the welcome gueſt, her Arms embrace
My body, and her hands a better place:
Which with one touch ſo pleas'd and proud does grow,
It ſwells beyond the graſp that made it ſo.
Confinement Scorns in any ſtraighter Walls,
Then thoſe of Love, where it contented falls:
Though twice o'rethrown he more enflam'd does riſe:
And will to the laſt drop fight out loves prize.
She like ſome Amazon in ſtory proves,
That overcomes the *Hero* whom ſhe Loves.
In the cloſe ſtrife ſhe takes ſo much delight,
She then can think of nothing but the fight:
With Joy ſhe lays him panting at her feet,
But with more joy does his recovery meet.
Her trembling hands firſt gently raiſe his head,
She almoſt dyes for fear that he is dead:
Then binds his wounds up with a buſy hand,
And with that balm enables him to ſtand,
Till by her eyes ſhe Conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper then ſhe did before.
Though fallen from the Top of pleaſures hill,
With longing Eyes we look up thither ſtill:

Still thither Our unwearied wishes tend,
Till we that heighth of happiness ascend
By gentle steps, th' ascent it self exceeds
All Joys, but that alone to which it leads.
First then so long and lovingly we kiss,
As if like Doves, we knew no dearer bliss:
Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
While groping hands are pleas'd no less then they.
Thus cling'd together now awhile we rest,
Breathing our Souls into each others breast:
Then give a general kiss of all our parts
While this best way we make exchange of hearts.
Here would my praise as well as pleasure dwell,
Enjoyments self I scarcely like so well:
The little this comes short in Rage and strength,
Is largely recompenc'd with endless length.
This is a joy would last, if we could stay,
But Loves too eager to admit delay,
And hurries us along so smooth away.
Now wanton with delight we nimbly move,
Our plyant Limbs in all the shapes of Love:
Our motions not like those of gamesome fouls,
Whose active Bodies shew their heavy Souls,
But sports of Love, in which a willing minde,
Makes us as able as our hearts are kinde.
At length all languishing and out of breath,
Panting as in the agonies of death,
We lye entranc'd, till one provoking kiss
Transports our ravish'd Souls to paradice.
O Heaven of Love, thou moment of delight!
Wrong'd by my words, my fancy does thee right.
Methinks I lye all melting in her Charms,
And fast lockt up within her Legs and Arms:
Bent are our mindes and all our thoughts on fire,
Just labouring in the pangs of fierce desire.
At once, like Misers Wallowing in their store,
In full possession, yet desiring more.
Thus with repeated pleasures while we wast
Our happy hours, that like short Minuts past,
To such a sum of bliss our Joys amount,
The number now becomes too great too count.
Silent as Night are all sincerest Joys,
Like deepest Waters running with least Noise.
But now at last for want of further force
From deeds, alas, we fall into discourse!
A fall which each of us in vain bemoans,
A greater fall then that of Kings from Thrones,

The Tide of pleaſure flowing now no more,
We lye like Fiſh left gaſping on the ſhore.
And now as after fighting, wounds appear,
Which we in heat, did neither feel for fear,
She for her ſake intreats me to give o're,
And yet for mine would gladly ſuffer more.
Her words are coy, while all her motions Woo,
And when ſhe asks me if it pleaſe me too,
I rage to ſhew how well but 'twill not do.
Thus would hot Love run it ſelf out of breath,
And wanting reſt, finde it too ſoon in death,
Did not wiſe Nature with a gentle force
Reſtrain its rage, and ſtop its headlong courſe:
Indulgently ſevere, ſhe well does ſpare
This Childe of hers, which moſt deſerves her care.

Theſe Verſes amongſt many others, being ready to be Publiſh'd and not poſſibly to be ſtop'd in this Liberty of the Preſs; a friend of the Authors thought it neceſſary to print them ſingle by the Originall paper, to prevent the errours which will be found in that which is coming out, which is falſely tranſcrib'd from a ſurreptitious Copy.

London, Printed in the Year, 1679.